

Thirty-Fourth Year.

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1917.

Whole Number 1731

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

To the Editor: Having read the communication of George Copp, in The Comet in answer to your editorial "Conscientious Objectors," I submit the following: I am an old soldier, having served three years in the Civil War for the preservation of the Union and which resulted in the abolition of chattel slavery, which the Dunkard Church opposed. He states that the Dunkard Church since its inception has been opposed to war, and because of persecution in Germany on this account they sought refuge in the United States, where they were assured relief in their work. And, as he states, the Dunkard Church teaches that all disputes can be and should be settled by arbitration. Will Mr. Copp explain to us how the independence of the United States could have been won by arbitration instead of our forefathers shedding their blood for our independence and liberty of worshiping God according to the dictates of conscience? Through the help of God, who helps those who try to help themselves, our forefathers gained the victory and threw off the yoke of tyranny and established our free government which the Dunkard Church as well as all other denominations have the privilege of enjoying.

He says it is more of a crime to engage in war than to be forced to steal, for the soldier is required to kill. In that case I may be guilty of murder. But when I look back into my Bible I find that David slew Goliath in defense of his people in a righteous cause, for which he was commended. When the Israelites, who were God's chosen people, tried to help themselves, trusting in their God against the heathen nations by which they were surrounded, being victorious, and when God himself, to show his divine power in the care of his people by making Moses leader of the Israelites after he slew an Egyptian in defense of his people, and when God himself causes the hosts of Egypt to be swallowed up in the Red Sea after His people had passed over on dry ground, and many other cases where divine power was instrumental in bringing about victory, I have no remorse of conscience.

Mr. Copp says if Congress had been composed of Dunkards there would be no war. We firmly believe that in that case in a very short time there would be no United States Congress, and as long as there are envious and grasping nations with whom we have to contend it is necessary for us to defend ourselves, and should the dreams of Kaiser Wilhelm be realized the Dunkards might fall under the same rule as that from which they fled, and their liberty gained through war be taken away. We have been forced into this war, not through any desire of our own, but as a father would protect his home and family. We tried to reason with the German government and keep out of war. We hate war, for we have had experience with it, and if Mr. Copp has any method by which peace can be brought about without bloodshed we will gladly accept it. We are not one of those who scoff at prayer, as Mr. Copp says. But as we are taught that faith without works is a dead faith, therefore, we have a work to do and not enjoy alone what someone else has accomplished.

D. H. MOWEN.

50.00 REWARD

The names of the men who have failed to report for examination, or who have appeared and refused to be examined, are now being placed on what is known as the "red slips, or lists." Every board is compiling three of these lists, one for the District Board, another for the Department of Justice, and a third for the Adjutant General of the State. On receipt of the list the Adjutant General will notify every man whose name appears on the list to appear for examination at a certain designated place and time. The address will be in every instance be that which appears on the registration card for the delinquent.

These lists will be brought up to date every week, and will be certified to Adjutant Gen. McCain, in Washington, every Monday morning. The men will be officially listed as "persons called for examination, who did not appear, and have not been exempted or discharged." These men who ignore the country's call, in the event they fail to respond when given a last chance by the Adjutant General of the State, will automatically become deserters from the army, and will be subject to arrest on sight and prosecution before a military court-martial. Any civilian who brings about the arrest of a deserter will receive a reward of \$50 for each man whose apprehension he obtains.

HOW STYLES CHANGE

When we look upon some group of mortals who were active years ago as we are active now, and when we see how they looked and dressed and compare their odd appearance with what we now consider the proper thing, we are moved to exclaim "How styles change!"

Only recently in looking at the many pictures with which today's periodicals are filled, we wondered how these views of the world's greatest struggle compared with those of our own Civil War of the Sixties.

Turning to a photographic History of the Civil War, we were much interested in comparing the appearance of the "Boys in Blue" who were marching down Fifth Avenue to train at Jersey City for the South and the "Boys in Khaki" of Co. F, 3d Tenn., stepping briskly up the street last Monday.

The contrast was very striking, but without placing any slight upon our brave soldiers of half a century ago, it must be said that the "Boys in Khaki" looked a bit like the "real thing" than their fathers and grandfathers in blue; for while the latter gave the impression of being preened up for parade, the "Boys in Khaki" looked fit to jump at command from the street into a dirty trench and fight "right off the bat." In a word, the blue of the coat may have been made to match the sky; the lighter blue of the trousers to match the sea in a sombre day, but the head-to-foot khaki shade of our soldiers of today was made to match just plain dirt or clay of trench or country road or field "somewhere in France." "How styles change!"

Paging a little further on in the photographic History of the Civil War, we came upon a picture quite different from those of fife, drum, serge or sally—a picture of an administration ball at Washington in Lincoln's day. Needless to say the tall, gaunt form of the "great emancipator" was not in evidence. He was possibly in some remote corner wondering how he could best enforce the draft; how he could raise money to keep the game going, or possibly how he could so conduct himself as to silence his carping critics—the hardest job of all. But, if we suppose that he was at the ball, there would hardly have been room upon the floor even for his thin form, and all because of crinolines—not Madeline or Adeline, but just plain crinolines; not because of the ladies themselves, but of what they wore.

And the ladies are not the only ones that bow at the beck of style or fashion. Men also fall in line when the tailor, bootmaker, haberdasher or some other style autocrat calls. Once, it was knee breeches, buckled slippers and powdered wig; later on the breeches were lengthened but with straps to hold them down; then it was suspenders to hold them up, and these indeed are still worn by old-timers, but not by the up-to-date boys of the present day. Its belts for them. And then there's hats. Once it had to be the "silk hat" so called, or "plug hat" or "stovepipe" whether for business or pleasure.

And these changes for the most part are for the better as in the case of hats and collars; and not confined to dress but to ways of living and of thought. For example, men and women of about all ages now go in for golf, tennis, bathing and other outdoor sports instead of sticking at home or at a club knitting, drinking or holding so-called "gab fests."

This means health conservation, disease prevention and longer life for this generation and for those that are to come.

Satan, with horns, spiked tail, cloven foot and all, has been dug up in West Virginia, according to report. The report is to be doubted. There would have been more verisimilitude about the discovery had the cadaver been found in this neighborhood.

Some people are born famous, some achieve fame, but a conductor on an Illinois railroad has had fame thrust on him from playing 100,000 games of solitaire for the last 20 years. Still, the result hardly seems worth the time and effort.

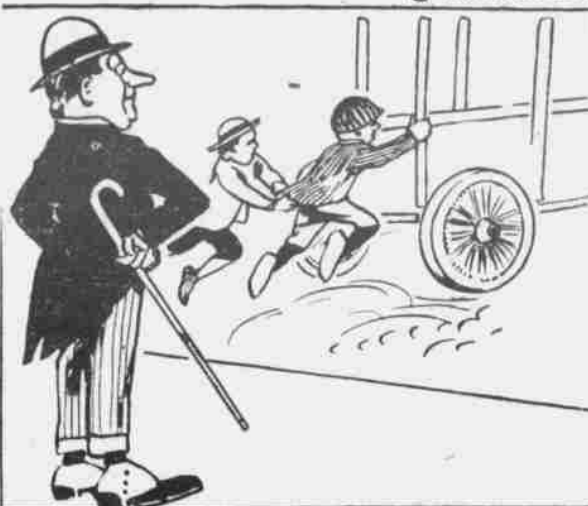
The military camps are to have eight million feet of films shown every week. The moving picture now enters into all the emotions and phases of everyday life. It has become necessary to the human pursuit of happiness as the daily meal.

An efficiency expert in one who is able to make a dollar buy as much as fifty cents' worth.

This is not the first time men have been saved by their wives.

-MR. WISE GUY- BY C.D. GRAVES

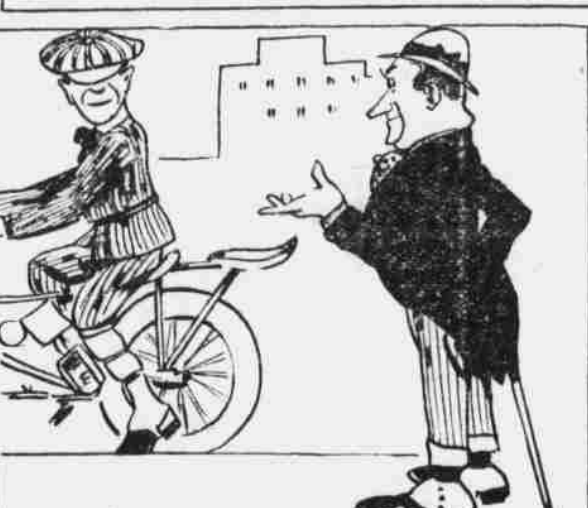
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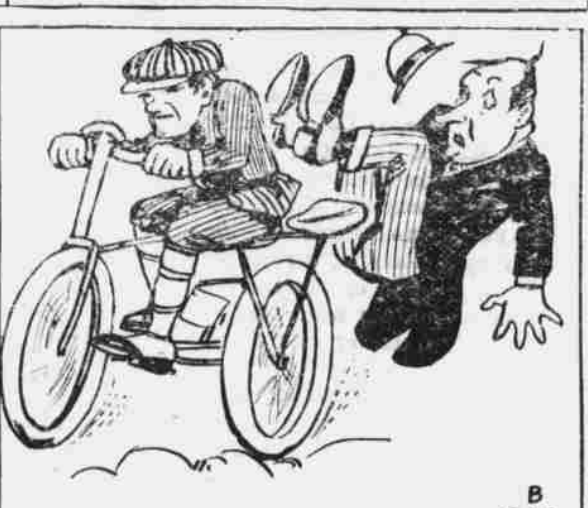
WHILE STROLLING SLOWLY ONE FINE DAY OLD WISE GUY CHANCED TO SEE TWO URCHINS BOLDLY STEAL A RIDE, AND LAUGHING LOUD WITH GLEE.



"YOU NAUGHTY BOYS! COME DOWN FROM THERE! BY HOPPING ON A TRUCK YOU'LL BREAK YOUR NECKS, AND THEN YOU'LL KNOW WHAT 'TIS TO HAVE BAD LUCK."



"A MOTOR CYCLE IS ALL RIGHT AND SAFE AS ANY BED; I'LL RIDE AWHILE BEHIND YOU SEE," OUR OLD FRIEND WISE GUY SAID.



BUT AH! ALAS FOR WISE GUY'S HEAD. THE ROAD WAS VERY ROUGH. HE FELL AND HURT HIMSELF. THEN SWORE OF RIDES HE'D HAD ENOUGH.

DRAFTED SQUAWKERS

Col. Joseph C. Bunner, President of the Toledo (Ohio) Stock Exchange, a member of William McKinley's staff when McKinley was governor of Ohio, made a speech in New York the other day.

The Colonel "just hates" slackers, but he entertains an even greater aversion for men who, when drafted, try, as he expresses it, to "squawk out." In the opinion of the Colonel they are more despicable than slackers.

Col Bunner has a new word for men who have been drafted and try to "squawk out." This word, he says, very fitly describes them, but he admits it isn't an elegant word. He points, however, to the fact that it can be found in the Standard Dictionary, where it is referred to as being little in use.

The word is "pukes." According to the dictionary, it is both a noun and a verb. As a noun it means a contemptible fellow. The Colonel incorporated it in doggerel verse he recited amid much applause from patriotic citizens. The lines follow:

This tale of the mob I saw,
Trying to beat the Conscription law,
Pukes in front of you; pukes behind,
Pukes of every conceivable kind,
Massed on the steps of the City Hall,
Pukes that were short, pukes that were tall,
Pukes that were fat, pukes that were thin,
Prominent nose and receding chin,
Socialist, Anarchist, slacker and sneak,
Faces impertinent, brazen and weak,
Pukes of all stations, poor ones and rich,
Pukes that were dirty and pukes with the itch,
Eager to marry and hide behind,
Any old skirt and of any old kind,
Crowding and pushing till ready to drop,
Not an Irishman present, excepting the cop.

LOWER END OF EAST TENNESSEE

Back during the Civil War Chattanooga was at times occupied by both armies—first by the Confederates and then by the Federals, but, thirdly, by both at the same time, and to this fact it owes much of its war history, for around here were fought some of the fiercest battles of that long and bloody conflict. When peace was established the Federal army was in charge and many of the Federal soldiers decided to make this their future home and they became aggressive and successful soldiers of commerce and introduced many of the breezy western and northern ideas into business methods; and to this fact may be attributed much of the business success the city has attained.

Just beyond Missionary ridge lies Chickamauga National park. It is now a regimental post, but Congressman Moon, of the Third Tennessee district,

has a bill pending in congress to convert it into a brigade post, and the chances seem favorable for the passage of the bill. It is this place which relates more intimately to the story of historic gristmill, a mill that not only turned out grist for Confederate and Federal soldiers in wartime, but also supplied much of the wants in this line for the volunteers of the Spanish-American war who were mobilized at Chickamauga park preparatory to their embarkation to the Philippines and Cuban shores.

The old mill not only served the soldiers of two wars, but it had for years preceding the Civil war furnished grist for the families of the pioneers of its community, a service it still performs with exact punctuality even to this day.

While the war game has its dangers and its hardships, it also has its pleasures and its humors. It is good entertainment to listen to a couple of old soldiers who have the eye to the ridiculous side of things relate experiences. Many good stories have never found their way into print. During the fighting around Chattanooga private soldiers of both armies kept their eyes skinned for trouble. The rattle of a bush has been known to strike panic to a fellow who may have been prowling around on the hunt for something to eat. Soldiers have been frightened half to death by men of their own uniform. This panic, however, vanishes on the firing line. Men in battle have but little regard for the element of danger. They will charge the mouths of cannon when in battle and run from sheep, if they don't know what it is, when out foraging.—Chattanooga News.

IMAGINARY WOES

The woe of war gardening is a fruitful theme. Many war gardens have born larger crops of disappointment than of vegetables and amateur agriculturists who began months ago with enthusiasm and aching backs are lamenting the sacrifice of well kept lawns and attractive flower beds. They are wrong.

The gently art of gardening is not learned in a day, but even the most casual practice at it pays, financially as well as in diminished waist band and sun-tanned face and arms. There is no profit in complaining that your neighbor's boy's white rabbits have eaten the blossoms of your wax beans in bewailing that fact—too often it is a fact—that the tubers on your fair potato vines are but the size of marbles, and that you can buy better radishes and lettuce at the store. You are better physically than you were three months ago, which should be consolation enough for almost any city dweller, and no matter how scanty your crop you have added to the bulk of the nation's and the world's food supply.

Consider, if you will, the measure of your contribution. You planted a

PLAYING THE GAME OF LIFE

(To the card players at Hobel, U. S. H.)

There's a game they are playing, an old card game, Though just at this moment, I can't call its name. But when dealer has dealt, and cards in condition, Each player then seems to change his position. And one of them cries in confident tone I think I can "make it," and "go it alone."

Now while watching the game, 'twas a whim of the bards' A moral to draw from the war of the cards, And in fancy I saw in this trivial strife Some nice, large hints for the Battle Life.

An astronomer once, with brains above par, Discovered the laws of each planet and star, And common folks, who should have lauded his name, Derided his learning, and blackened his fame. "I will wait," he laughed, "till the truth they shall own," For he knew in his heart he could "go it alone."

But alas for the player who idly depends, In this Game of Life upon kindred or friends For whatever the value of blessings like these, They ne'er will atone for inglorious ease.

There is something, I know, in the hand you may hold; Health, family, culture, wit, beauty, and gold. Yet the game you may lose with these for your own Unless you've the courage to "go it alone."

In business or battle, what'er be the game, In law or in love, it is ever the same; For whether the prize be a bauble or throne, The victor is he who can "go it alone."

EVELYN ANDERSON.

peck of potatoes. A skillful farmer, with good soil, might well have harvested from that peck six or eight or ten bushels. You get less than two, and the fun, if you call it that, of digging them. When you are minded to curse your luck, remember that some hundreds of thousands of amateurs—some millions, it may be—have planted and harvested as you have done, and then compare the grocery man's potato prices with those of April last. And the same holds true of everything you planted.

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Account of

The Toe River Fair, comprising the Counties of Mitchell, Avery and Yancy

September 25, 26, 27 and 28, 1917

Excursion tickets will be sold and good for going passage from Johnson City, Tenn., on regular train No. 3, departing at 11:45 a. m., Eastern Standard Time, on September 24, 25, 26, 27, and 28, and on Special train, departing at 7:00 a. m., on September 26, and 27; returning on regular and special trains to and including Sept. 30, 1917.

Fare for the round trip only \$1.50 children of five (5) and under twelve (12) years of age will be one-half of the adult fare.

For tickets and further information call on Agents, C. C. and O. Ry., or address

CHAS. T. MANDEL, G. P. A.
Johnson City, Tenn.

Office of

THE EAST TENNESSEE AND WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD COMPANY

Johnson City, Tenn., Aug. 6, 1917.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of The East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Railroad Company will be held at the office of the Company, Johnson City, Tennessee, on Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1917, at 12 o'clock, Noon, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may come before the meeting.

JOHN S. WISE, Secretary.

TO THOMAS HENDERSON

Nancy Henderson
vs
Thomas Henderson

In the Chancery Court at Johnson City Tennessee.

In this cause, it appearing from the bill which is sworn to, that Thomas Henderson, the defendant, is a non-resident of the State, he is, therefore, hereby required to appear, on or before the 1st Monday of September next, before the Clerk and Master of said court, at his office in Johnson City, and make defense to the bill filed against him in said court, by Nancy Henderson, or otherwise the bill will be taken for confessed.

It is further ordered that this notice be published for four consecutive weeks in The Comet.

J. W. CASS, Clerk and Master.
Vines and Price, Sols.

NON-RESIDENT NOTICE

In the Law Court at Johnson City, Washington County, Tennessee.

Ida Eaton
vs
Robert Eaton

In this cause it appearing from the complainant's bill, which is sworn to, that the defendant, Robert Eaton is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee It is ordered by me that publication be made for four successive weeks, as required by law, in The Comet, a news paper published in Johnson City, Tennessee, in said county, notifying said non-resident defendant to appear before our said law court at a court to be holden at the Court House in Johnson City, on the third Monday of October, 1917, and make defense to said bill or the allegations thereof will be taken for confessed and this cause set for hearing exparte as to him.

This August 22, 1917.
J. L. HILBERT, Clerk.

EFFECTIVE

Monday, March 26th, 1917

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Having given London and Paris the once over, the American tourist in khaki will hardly call his journey done until he takes a look at Berlin.